

SPEAKERS

In The House Of Representatives
In Years Past

And Something About Champ
Clark, A Candidate

For The Speakership In The
Next House

Washington, D. C., Nov. 18.—If Champ Clark is elected speaker of the next House of Representatives he will be the thirty-fifth man chosen as the regular presiding officer of the lower branch of Congress and the first ever elected from the state of Missouri.

Representative Clark would also be the second speaker to hail from west of the Mississippi river. Iowa has the distinction of being the only state west of the Mississippi river that has been honored with the speakership up to the present time. The late David B. Henderson of Iowa served as speaker of the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses.

Massachusetts, Virginia, and Kentucky are the states which have been most highly favored in regards to the speakership. Each has had four of its representatives chosen to preside over the House.

The four speakers from Massachusetts were Theodore Sedgwick, of Sixth Congress; Joseph B. Varnum, of the Tenth and Eleventh Congresses; Robert C. Winthrop, of the Thirtieth Congress, and Nathaniel P. Banks, of the Thirty-fourth. When Mr. Winthrop was elected speaker of the Thirtieth Congress it was by a majority of one vote, which is the closest contest known.

The Virginia speakers were Philip Barbour, who presided over the Seventeenth Congress and afterwards served in the senate; Andrew Stevenson, who served from 1827 to 1834; John W. Jones, who was speaker of the Thirty-eighth Congress and died soon after completing his service; and R. M. T. Hunter, who was speaker of the Twenty-sixth Congress and afterwards served as Secretary of State of the Confederate Government.

The four Kentucky speakers were Henry Clay, who presided over five of the early Congresses; John White, of the Twenty-seventh Congress; Linn Boyd, of the Thirty-second and Thirty-third Congresses, and the late John G. Carlisle, who occupied the speaker's chair in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth sessions.

In Henry Clay the state of Kentucky holds the record for long service in the speaker's chair. Mr. Clay served nine and one-half years as speaker, though his service was not continuous. The next longest record is that of Mr. Cannon, who will have served eight years when he yields up the gavel to his successor next March.

Pennsylvania and Indiana have each had three speakers in the House. Pennsylvania contributed the speaker of the first congress, Frederick A. Muhlenberg, who was one of three brothers who immigrated from Germany before the Revolution and all of whom rendered distinguished services to the country of their adoption. The other speakers from this state were of later date, Galusha A. Grow, who occupied the chair at the beginning of the civil war, and Samuel J. Randall, who presided over the House from 1876 to 1881.

John W. Davis, known as "Honest John," was the first speaker from Indiana. He presided over the Twenty-ninth Congress and was afterward governor of Oregon Territory. Schuyler Colfax of Indiana was chosen in 1865 and served until 1869, when he became Vice President. The third speaker from Indiana was Michael C. Kerr, who was elected in 1875 and died early in the following year.

Maine, Georgia, New Jersey, South Carolina and Tennessee have each had two speakers. From Maine came James G. Blaine and the equally famous Thomas B. Reed, from Georgia Howell Cobb and Charles F. Crisp, from South Carolina Langdon Cheves and James L. Orr, and from Tennessee John Bell and James E. Polk. The two speakers from New Jersey were Jonathan Dayton, of the Fourth and Fifth Congresses, and William Pennington, who presided over the Thirty-sixth Congress.

The only speaker from Connecticut was Johnathan Trumbull, who presided over the second Congress. The only speaker from Ohio was Gen. J. Warren Keller, who presided during the Forty-seventh Congress and who is a member of the present House. From North Carolina came Nathaniel Macon, who became speaker in 1801.

He served as a representative for nearly a quarter of a century and was known as the father of the House.

John W. Taylor, who succeeded Henry Clay in the Sixteenth Congress, was the only speaker from New York, with the exception of Theodore M. Pomeroy, who served as speaker for one day at the beginning of the Forty-first Congress, until Mr. Blaine, who had been elected, could take his seat.

ORNAMENTAL

Stamps To Foreign Countries
Not Allowed

Washington, Nov. 19.—A harbinger of Christmas has appeared in the form of a warning by the postoffice department to persons inclined to attach ornamental stamps to holiday presents mailed to foreign countries. Gifts bearing such adornment may fall of delivery because of prohibitive postal regulations in the countries to which they are sent.

A statement issued by the post office department says that the following countries refuse to admit to their mails articles bearing non-postage stamps or other adhesive character stamps or labels:

Guatemala, Uruguay, Portugal (if they resemble regular postage stamps.)

The following countries will admit articles bearing such stamps, but only when affixed to the reverse and not to the address side:

British East Africa, Uganda, Antigua, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British North Borneo, Cayman Islands, Cyprus, Gold Coast, Dominica, Falkland Islands, Gambia, Gibraltar, British Honduras, Jamaica, Mauritius and dependencies, Montserrat, Nevis, Southern Nigeria, Saint Christopher, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, British Somaliland, Trinidad, Turks and Caicos Islands, Virgin Islands, Germany, Austria (provided they do not resemble postage stamps) Great Britain, Southern Rhodesia, Transvaal.

Articles liable to be refused admittance to any of the foregoing countries on account of the fact that they bear charity stamps will not be dispatched from this country, but will be returned to the sender, if known. If the sender is not known, such articles will be sent to the dead letter office.

To preclude delay in handling articles bearing Christmas stamps to be transmitted in the international mails, the covers of such articles should bear the full name and address of the sender.

NOTES

Of Interest From The Gas
Fields

(Utica Herald)

The Ohio Fuel got a good well on the Thomas Brothers lease in McKean township.

The Ohio-Rochester Oil & Gas Co., which got two paying wells near Perryton, have made a location on the Mrs. Isaac Norris farm two miles south of West Carlisle and five miles from the Ashtcraft well which is yet making 40 barrels per day. The fair all well makes about ten barrels.

Mrs. Sylvia Hawkins of Centerburg spent Friday in Mt. Vernon, the guest of friends.

Nature makes the cures
after all.

Now and then she gets
into a tight place and
needs helping out.

Things get started in
the wrong direction.

Something is needed to
check disease and start
the system in the right
direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of
Cod Liver Oil with hypo-
phosphites can do just
this.

It strengthens the
nerves, feeds famished tis-
sues, and makes rich
blood.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Book-Block. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

BACK TO

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL WHERE THE TURNPIKE SWERVED SHARPLY TO THE LEFT TO AVOID CLIMBING THE ABRUPT ELEVATION AND CLOSE BY THE BROOK, WHICH, FINDING ITS SOURCE SOMEWHERE AMONG THE HILLSIDES, MEANDERED LEISURELY THROUGH SWAMP AND SVALE AND CUT THE FARM SQUARELY IN TWO, STOOD THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The moss grown shingled roof peeped modestly from behind a screen of age-old trees, and the low down sagging foundations were scarcely anywhere visible behind the rampant growth of rose-bushes that clambered halfway up the south side of the house. There were lilacs grown into trees, syringas that crowded half across the gravel walk, a giant honeysuckle vine that had been choked and pruned back until its gnarled old trunk resembled a grotesque freak of nature.

The old homestead had housed and reared seven generations of men and women of the same name, but it had come to pass that those of the seventh generation were widely scattered and the old homestead no longer knew them. There were seven of this generation—seven boys—and the last to leave the old homestead had gone forth, like the others, to battle in the larger world for life and happiness.

Unlike many old couples left behind on the farm to watch and tend it in its declining years, these two were not shorn of the necessities or even the luxuries of life. They had laid aside their little sum, and they lived with no dread of the morrow.

No shadow of debt or threat of mortgage foreclosure hung over their heads, and they lived in quiet peace on the homestead that had sheltered so many of their ancestors.

But there was loneliness in the mother heart. When the first son had broken away from the farm the pang had been sharp and cruel, but there were six left behind. Then the second had grown restless and followed in the footsteps of the elder. The third waited a few years, silently tilling the fertile farm and watching for his chance. It came one day with unexpected abruptness.

"Mother, I'm going to the city to-morrow," he said at the close of a hard day's work in the fields. "My opportunity has come."

There was no open opposition, but the heartstrings were quivering. So the third son went, and after him the fourth. In a few years the remaining sturdy babies had grown to the stature of manhood, and they, too, cast longing eyes cityward. Would not one of them remain on the farm?

The last to go had been her favorite, for was he not the baby? And with his going the light seemed to go out of the world for the aged couple. But these two were of pioneer stock, and they had met and overcome adversity in many forms, and in time they felt back upon each other's company and found a measure of contentment.

There were seven sons, and each week seven letters left the homestead mailed to different addresses. One went to Chicago, another to New York, a third to Boston, two to St. Louis, one far off to the Pacific coast and the last to a nearby city. Monday was devoted to thoughts of the eldest, and the mother brain and heart put into his letter all the little news of the home life which he had loved. He had been devoted to the live stock, and she recorded faithfully the details of their progress. Billy, his pet horse, had long since died, but another colt had been named after him, and he was always held in reserve for his absent owner.

Tuesday's letter was more difficult of composition. It called her forth into the woods to get news, for the second son had been a roamer and a friend of every squirrel and rabbit. He could imitate the call of the bluejay and whistle the piping song of the finches. She had learned the nesting season of the different birds he had loved, and her letters were full of woodland scenes and wild life.

Wednesday was a day of easy letter writing. It was all about crops, the condition of the north and south fields, the probable yield per acre and in harvest time an account of the results. On Thursday her letter was addressed to the young architect in New York, and she spoke of the things which he had loved, and Friday she ranned the woods again for material, for he of San Francisco was the hunter and trapper of the family, and Saturdays

she peered into the streams and the dark pools of the river for information about the silvery pike and speckled trout, for the sixth son was of the bank Walton school. Then came Sunday, with its calm peacefulness and thoughtful reflections. Her baby had been of an artistic and religious temperament, and the Sabbath was consecrated to him. She could speak more freely and intimately of her inner thoughts and home life, and her pen moved more rapidly over the paper.

At first the weekly letters were answered more or less regrettably. She was THE TABLE ALONE, a wise mother and did not expect a reply to every effusion of her own. They were busy boys, engaged in the battle of life. Sometimes weeks passed, and then a few lines compensated for the lonely waiting.

They fell in love and married in time. They brought their brides in hurried visits to the old home. Children came to them, and each birth added to the cares of the father. She longed intensely to know of her grandchildren, and if she wrote long rambling letters of the old farm her heart was aching for minute details of the children born in the image of their fathers.

THE OLD Thanksgiving

BY
George Ethelbert Walsh

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

The summer passed and harvest time approached again. The Thanksgiving season brought its train of memories.

A week before Thanksgiving she looked anxiously for letters from her sons. Each day they drove a mile to the village for their mail, but the letters were not there. Two days before the event the frail body was keyed to intense suspense. On the morrow one of them surely would write and gladden her heart. But they returned from the postoffice without the letter.

"We must go to the village today, father," she urged on Thanksgiving morning. "We need salt or sugar, I forget which."

The man accepted the gentle lie without a quiver. There was a single morning mail, and perhaps—perhaps—but who can tell? They drove slowly through the crisp autumn air and returned at dinner time.

They were both very silent and grave. The man was more concerned over the white down face at his side than at the neglect of his sons. If they only knew—if they only knew!

They sat down at the table alone, she rousing herself by a final effort for the sake THEY RAISED THEIR EYES.

They had shared her life's burdens with her, and he kindly, courteous and considerate of her every little comfort. "Mother, we will ask a blessing for our sons and their families," he began.

The plates were set for the seven, a custom never abandoned even though they remained empty throughout the Thanksgiving meal. The two did not hear the outside noises, nor the rattle of the lumbering stage, nor the lifting of the latch. When they raised their eyes the room was full of bearded and bronzed and pale and clean shaven faces—faces which in spite of wind and weather and toil and sweat had a strange family resemblance. It was unusual that they should be there, but it did not seem strange, so confident was the mother heart that her prayer would be answered.

"Mother, I was worried. Your letters were so different, and I came home instead of writing."

It was the eldest who spoke and embraced her. "And I met the others on the train or at the station," he continued. "They felt the same and could not wait to write."

"Yes, mother," added another, a little reproachfully, "it made me homesick not to hear from you oftener, and when your letters did come they were so—so different. I knew something was wrong with either you or father. What is it?"

They glanced from one aged parent to the other. The faded eyes of the woman turned tremblingly from one to the other and finally sought in fear and confusion the face of her husband. He nodded responsively.

"Yes, mother has been sick—heart-sick," he began slowly. "You were homesick, but she was heart-sick. She has been giving you of her life, but you have returned little of yours. She has carried the old home to you in her letters, but you have neglected her in yours."

Even then the mother hunger was predominant and could not abide the chastening of her offspring. The frail hand waved aside the speaker, but he added softly:

"Even now she's ready to give more than she will receive."

Then, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Mother, is the feast spread for nine or two?"

Ten years suddenly slipped from the gray head and the frail body, and the face was wreathed in a holy smile as she hustled about and changed dishes and added more to the table's supply.

"We only set places for your spirits, and not for your bodies," she murmured guiltily. "And you are all such hearty eaters!"

"Yes, hearty eaters—big eaters, mother!" they said in one voice. "But we know where you keep the turkey and the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pies and all the other good things. Wait until we see?"

The raid on the kitchen which followed worked havoc with the week's cooking. But the joyous cries and wrangling words mingled with laughter were music to her ears. She had her seven sons back again, and they were boys still in spite of beard and deeply lined foreheads and wrinkled cheeks.

HOMESTEAD Story

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You Can Work Near a Window

in winter when you have a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a portable radiator which can be moved to any part of a room, or to any room in a house. When you have a

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

you do not have to work close to the stove, which is usually far from the window. You can work where you wish, and be warm. You can work on dull winter days in the full light near the window, without being chilled to the bone.

The Perfection Oil Heater quickly gives heat, and with one filling of the font burns steadily for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. The filler-cap, put in like a cork in a bottle, is attached by a chain. This heater has a cool handle and a damper top.

The Perfection Oil Heater has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in Japan or nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental.

Desires Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

COURT HOUSE NOTES

In the court of common pleas on Friday the case of Lauderbaugh vs. Bartlett still occupied the attention of the court and the jury.

First and Final.—A first and final account has been filed in probate by William E. Hull, administrator of Alice May Laffin, as follows: Received \$600, paid out the same amount.

Case Appealed.—In the case of D. F. Ewing, administrator of Neremah Neptune, vs. Homer E. Neptune, an appeal has been filed in the court of common pleas of Knox county from the court of Squire B. F. Moree wherein the plaintiff secured a judgment for \$125.

Deeds Filed.—P. J. Parker, sheriff, to Mary S. Rouse, 154 acres in Clay, \$5,500.

FARMS FOR SALE.—60 acres, 3 1/2 miles from city, price \$3,500. Also a stock and grain farm, containing 250 acres, has four producing gas wells. New 9-room dwelling. Price \$52 per acre. Stream & Rimer. 4

NOTICE TO HUNTERS

No hunting will be allowed on the farms of the undersigned, Richard Helm, Chas. Vernon, George Hayes Samuel Nichols, Alfred Wolfe, R. P. Cunningham.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE

D. A. Upham of the Upham Gas Co. was coming down the hill just north of the corporation line of Utica, in his auto, last Thursday evening, at a speed of about 25 miles an hour, when the steering gear broke. Mr. Upham jumped from the machine and saved his life, and the auto went off the embankment and turned upside down against a tree part way to the creek.—Utica Herald.

A Reliable CATARRH Remedy

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane everything from which it drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-gists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 58 Warren Street, New York.

KNOX CO. TEACHERS EXAMINATIONS

1910-1911 Meetings for the examination of teachers will be held at the CENTRAL SCHOOL Bldg Mt. Vernon, Ohio, The first Saturday of every month.

Pupils' Examination The third Saturday of April and the third Saturday in May. Examination will commence at 8:00 o'clock, a. u. Address all communications to the Clerk of Board of Examiners.

Organization of Board W. W. BORDEN, President, Fredericktown, O. A. L. MURRY, V. President, Jewell, O. C. M. BARBER, Clerk, Mt. Vernon, O.

Professional Cards

Attorneys-at-Law

L. B. HOUCK
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office Rogers building, No. 111 S. Main street, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Rooms 2 and 3, second floor.

FRANK O. LEVERING
ATTORNEY AT LAW
All business of legal nature given prompt attention and especially to practice in the Probate Court. Office, No. 9 East High street, Mt. Vernon, O. New Phone, Office 104; Residence, 354

STREAM & RIMER
Luther A. Stream Wm. F. Rimer
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS

Farms and city property bought, sold and exchanged. Properties rented and rents collected. Fire insurance a specialty. Representing 14 old reliable stock companies. Accident insurance, life stock insurance. Plate glass insurance, automobile insurance. In fact we can insure any property you may have. Surety bonds of all kinds. Call and see us. Room 1 Sipe bldg., South Main st. Cit. phone No. 447 Black; Bell 253 R.

If you own anything, have it insured
WILL J. "Doc" WELSH
THE FIRE INSURANCE MAN
18 E. Gambler St. Mt. Vernon, O.
Citizens' Phone 231 Red

Physicians

E. C. BEGGS
DENTAL SURGEON
Office in Arnold block corner of East High street and Monument square Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

C. K. CONARD, M. D.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office and residence, 18 East Vine st. Citizens' phone, 52. Office hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

FARMS FOR SALE

70-acre farm at \$4,500.
28-acre farm at \$2,000
81-acre farm at \$6,500
82-acre farm at \$6,500
81-acre farm at \$4,050
100-acre farm at \$10,000
24-acre farm at \$1,200
150-acre farm at \$12,500
159-acre farm at \$7,000
70-acre farm at \$6,500
47-acre farm at \$3,500
326-acre farm at \$18,480
157-acre farm at \$10,205
60-acre farm at \$5,000
98-acre farm at \$6,500
72 1/2-acre farm at \$3,350
170-acre farm at \$10,200
32-acre farm at \$2,500
57 1/2-acre farm at \$5,000
118-acre farm at \$10,520
65-acre farm at \$6,500
125-acre farm at \$5,500
58-acre farm at \$5,500
188-acre farm at \$5,000
75-acre farm at \$6,500
21-acre farm at \$2,500
181-acre farm at \$14,480
200-acre farm at \$20,000
W. C. ROCKWELL & BRO.
Mt. Vernon, Ohio.